

HOME FROM TEXAS.

**BETSY HAMILTON RETURNS TO  
THE OLD RED HILL**

What She Thinks About the Land of the Horned  
Frogs and Tarantulas—The Neighbors' Per-  
sistence in Asking About Long-Lost Rel-

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Well we uns have got home from Texas at last, I and cousin Pink, and pap, everybody is axin me more questions than ten folks twice my size could answer in a week. "What all did you see in Texas? Did you see any of my folks in Texas? Did you see anybody out thar by the name of Thompson,

“Or Johnson, or Jones?”  
Yes, we need a right smart chance of all them families.  
Old Miss Freshours thought monstrous strange that I could go to Texas and not see nor hear nothin’ of her brother Noah Elgry. “And you didn’t see nothin’ of Noah Elgry?” says she, “I hear nothin’ of him. I wish I did. He was here a sartin’ right in that very Texas, and I loved mebbe if you didn’t see him you’d hear tell of him.” She was disappointed that I hadn’t saw him, and pap he on-oughter to have come. “I’ll see him,” she says. “Noah Elgry here had me once the twenty times sence he left here, he went that ‘fore Betts house was born,” and when he

He said she was about to cry he smoothed it over. She then reckoned how low she says he, "he ain't dead no more, he's here and you just ain't been never got his docky-ment." She shipped her eyes and wanted to know: "Betty, is Texas any bigger'n Talladega?" "Whoopie, yes," says cousin Pink, "a right smart chance bigger." The old 'oman thought curis that any place could be bigger'n Talladega.

Old Mr. Lottis thought hard of me for not lookin' up his boy Josiah that got mad at him fifteen year ago and run off and went to Texas and haint been hear'n of sence, and old Miss Green axed, "Betty, did you see or hear tell of any of Melindy Jane's folks?"

She didn't see how anybody could go to Texas and not see Malindy Jane. Some folks talks about Texas pine blank like hit wasn't no bigger'n a town whar ever body knows ever body.

But a body can go to a town and not get acquainted with all the folks in it by a long

pump. We 'uns was in Dallas whar they say there is nigh about forty thousand folks, and we never pretended to git acquainted with 'em all—why my kinnery thar didn't know ther next door neighbors—didn't even know ther names—hit made aunt Nancy madder'n anything I told her. She didn't see whate made folks so biggety and stuckup as not to git acquainted. "I'd like to know," says she, "who they're a gwine to borrow from

When they get out'n meal.<sup>72</sup>

Most everybody around here has got kinners in Texas, but they are a great about 'em, 'cause they can run off and get their way away from the law. I have heard it said that Texas was made up of them sorter folks, but it ain't no folks is as good out ther as anywhere else. I have seen a lot of 'em, and I have seen 'em with tight Sunday shoes and put on my old ones. Nuthin's ckle to a old shoe for makin' of a body feel at home.

I've seen my orange yaller calker hind the door of a little old homespun frock and blue check apron and rolled up my sleeves to work, and that's a power to be done--hit didn't pay to stay away from home too long. I've got a lot of my yeller calks, and I've seen a spittin' yeller, and tuck to the color 'bout it. Yaller's bad to fade, anyhow.

His c'us' how one thing follows 'other, and how little things leads to big 'uns, and how a little thing can change a man's mind and how that pep had laid in Texas. I have

learn him talk about it winter nights when we'd be settin' around the fire, and tell how rich it would make him if he could just only sell it for a big price, and he talked and talked about it so much it sounded like things away off yander that you read about in books and never see. He talked a long time of movin' out ther, but some folks 'lowed it was too sticky to settle on, and some 'lowed if he put it in a lawyer's hands he could get it up any way, but he didn't seem to care no more, and so we 'uns worked hard year after year and paid the taxes on it, and it a layin' ther not a fetchin' 'un in a dime—all a gwine out, nothin' a comin' in. hit kee maw had all

the time, putty nigh, and she never  
blowed nobody to say "Texas  
land" nor "security debts" to her  
she 'lowed betwix the two hit had kep pap's  
sence to the grindstone and her hands in the  
was stub ever sence they was married.  
"Hits a ill wind that don't blow no good to

body." If we 'uns hadn't a went to the New Orleans exposition we wouldn't have seed cousin Jake Corbin, and if we hadn't a saw him we wouldn't have went to Texas, and if we hadn't a went to Texas we wouldn't have sold our seed, and if we hadn't a sold the land we wouldn't have had the money to have flew around and seed so much. But thit all rizout'n my goober patch at last—if it hadn't a been up hit we 'uns couldn't have went to the exposition. One thing leads to tother, and tother o' sumpin' else, and so the goober patch was the occasion of it all.

Poplowed it made him right shame to

think how long that great big track of land had lay idle with the taxes a eatin' of it up, when here "Bets honey" had turned in and made so much off'n a nothin but a little old pooper patch. They say town folks can make so much off'n a little garden no bigger'n our all pen as country folks does from a ten acre field. Talkin' of a ten acre field, I seed ten acres in grapes, 27 different kinds, when I was in Ciebturne, Texas—it was Mr.

lines' nursery, and he had three thousand machines ready to sell. They were all planted in rows and you couldn't see a blade of grass, and the land was as black as charcoal. They called it "black wax," and as we stood there in the orchard we could see the sun a settin' on the prairies.

The prairies all kivered with wheat fur as you could see away over yonder whar the sky seemed to reach down and touch the yeth. The wheat was ripe and they was a cuttin' of that wheat—cuttin' it with a steam engine

He beats pap's cradle as hard as a steam shovel beats a ox waggin'. The wheat and corn in Texas was the prettiest I ever seed—this was good year for it. They plant the corn out far closer together than I ever seed it afore; and kase the ground is so rich, and every stalk sows two and three years on it.

We'un rid from New Orleans to Dallas on the Houston Texas Central kare, and rid all the way in the sleepin' cabin—but cousin

...she never slept—after she seen that the kids was all alike she never shot her eyes to keep nary wink. "I jist flung back that curtain," says she, "and sot on the edge of the bench all night." She taken off her back hair and hung it up side of her blue check, fore-bought hand towel, and next mornin' it and the hand towel was both gone. She stoit slick as a ribbon, and no tellin' who one it. She was hoppin' mad enough to riz

Cousin Jake had bought us some of Mr. Calper's tickets kaze they was cheap, and



























